

THE FIELD AFAR



MARYKNOLL



Their Eminences Cardinal Bonzano and Cardinal Hayes at Maryknoll

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SEPTEMBER

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

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The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

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THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy and theology.

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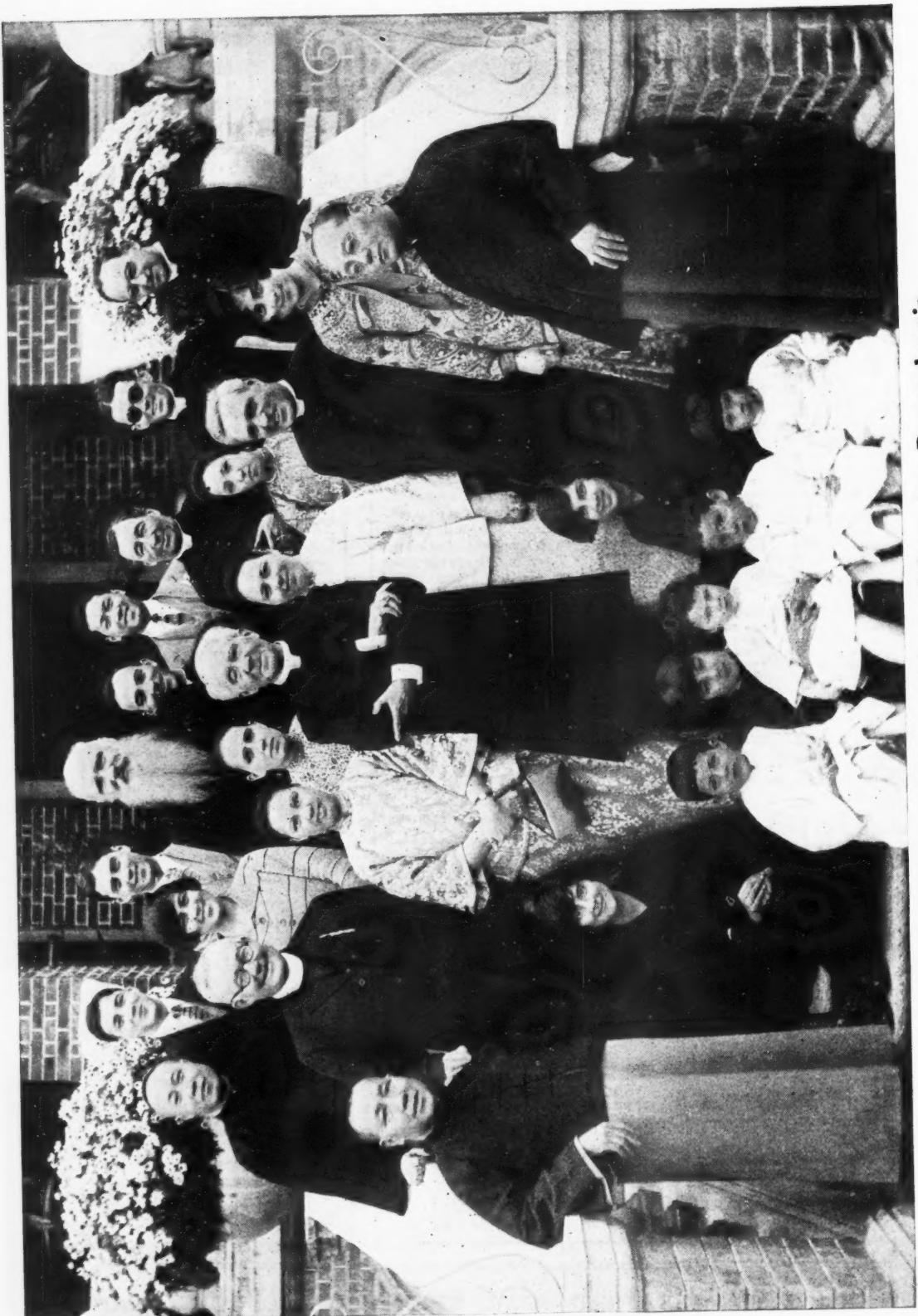
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The Right Reverend Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Pennsylvania

A reception to the bishop and his friends at the home of Mr. Cha Po Sin
Fr. Ford
Fr. Baland
Fr. Van de Schueren, S. J.
Mr. Léon Hin Ké
Mr. Simon Tse Yam
Mr. Chau Po Sin

Fr. Downs
Mr. Walsh

Maryknoll Superior
Fr. Hoban
Bishop Hoban

Fr. McHugh
Fr. McHugh



THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1926



DRIFTWOOD FROM THE SUPERIOR

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR'S MISSIONARY VISITATION OF 1926

GLOBE-TROTTING has its advantages if the trotter is well; but if he is "off his feed," spavined, or going lame, he is liable to wish that he had never left his comfortable stall. Mine so far has not been an unpleasant experience, but as I shared that of a friend, I, too, came near getting "winded" before arriving at Hongkong. There had been unlooked for delays, too, including a strike that kept our boat in a sweltering heat at Saigon; but at last I glimpsed the particular group that I was longing to see—some Maryknollers who had run the gauntlet and come from the interior of a disturber province to see their—whatever they call him when he is not present.

As our boat, a French mail, crept into its dock, I could distinguish cas-socked men and I knew that Maryknollers were among them. We were soon "on speaking terms" and a little later chatting as we walked off the great dock at Kowloon. *Tiffin* (lunch) was waiting on the other side of the harbor, at Hongkong; but the convent was near, and, as I knew that some very faithful Sisters were longing for a Maryknoll breeze, two of us rickshawed to Austin Road. We were ahead of time. Strings of firecrackers hung outside the entrance—and I really believe that their failure to crack at the "sociological" moment overshadowed, for a few seconds, the joy of reunion.

The Sisters all looked well and happy. They were smileful but speechless, and as I had too much to say to say anything, my stay was brief but compensated for later. As we left, the whole establishment appeared and the firecrackers blew themselves to pieces, to the joy of all the Chinese in the neighborhood.

This ceremony gave my companion, Fr. Toomey, and myself "big face" as we re-entered our rickshaws and made

for the ferry—and then for St. Louis Industrial School, the temporary headquarters for Maryknoll priests and Brothers.

There were more than twelve apostles at the table that noon, including Bro. John, who was convalescing after a strenuous period of illness and had



THE ALTAR AT PAKKAI
Designed and built by a Maryknoll Brother

returned to Hongkong with an armful of banners. These expressed gratitude from innocent people, great (!) generals, and smaller bandits, for services which Bro. John had rendered to them and to the community generally by taking off arms, legs, and other portions of their bodies, as also by extracting unwelcome bullets.

On that memorable occasion, I noted no fewer than six who had already faced bandits, and one, Fr. Ford, who had been "pirated" four times.

The priests at Hongkong were in

good condition, physically and otherwise, although one, who had recently had an experience with pirates and had been without nourishment for several days, looked poorly, and, in fact, was obliged shortly afterwards to go to the hospital for special care.

Later he turned up smiling to receive a new appointment to a more salubrious mission than that which he had been serving.

The St. Louis Industrial School is an activity of the Hongkong Vicariate which is under the spiritual supervision of Italian priests of the Milan Foreign Missions. In 1921, the late Bishop Pozzoni requested Maryknoll to take over this school in connection with a proposed hostel to be built on the same plot of land. The idea of the hostel was to provide accommodation for Chinese students, preferably Catholic, attending the Hongkong University near by. This need had been long emphasized by Bishop Pozzoni, and the advent of Maryknollers at Hongkong promised well for its realization; but conditions, political and economic, will now make it impossible to consider the project, at least for the present.

Pending the settlement of the hostel question, the buildings have been occupied by the Maryknoll procurator and by visiting Maryknoll priests and Brothers. It was here that our reunion took place, and some fifty boys shared in it.

Here, too, I made my headquarters during a full month and more of "comings and goings," until the last few days when, with all the missionaries back at their posts or on the way, we moved to Kowloon, occupying a house which was bought two years ago for a procure and which has been rented in the meantime.

Those days in South China were well filled and worth while. Fr. Ford

SCHOOLS ARE A

VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1926



The street was always interesting as it had to serve rickshaw men, trotting coolies, school children, and their elders.

stayed until well toward the end and was quite indispensable as usual.

For a man who sought quiet treatment, the St. Louis School was hardly the place; but if he had come in from a countryside and wished to get some "free movies," he could hardly have bettered his lodgings.

The school rests on one of the shelves cut into the towering rock that is called Hongkong. An open gallery above the chapel and classroom led to our rooms, and one had only to step out occasionally to "see things." Or without leaving his cubicle, he could hear things at any moment of the day or night.

The immediate outlook was on a busy little thoroughfare that ran around a curve to the water's edge, and, incidentally, to and from a nest of large Chinese hotels. Over the roofs of the buildings below us was the sweep of the harbor filled with shipping, and beyond this was Kowloon.

The street was always interesting, and, at times, exciting as it had to serve not only rickshaw men, trotting coolies laden with merchandise, school children and their elders, but also the ever-sounding automobile whose drivers in China seem to enjoy the game of just touching the passer-by.

I was often impressed from that Hongkong balcony with the good nature of the Chinese. His load might

fall; he himself might be jostled unceremoniously, even through the stupidity of another; but invariably he rose with a smile.

Then there were the carriers, women especially, bearing between them, suspended from a bamboo pole, some heavy object—at times a large rock—or toiling up the hill individually, each

balancing two baskets full of building material. There were schoolgirls, too, usually in groups, neatly clad, some in pantaloons, others in skirts, bareheaded and brightly chatting, all as modest in behavior as they were in dress.

Just below us on the Rock were some Chinese flats—call them tenements in view of the neighborhood—and one of them seemed always open "to the world." It occupied the second story of two houses, the sections being connected with a balcony like our own.

The life of the family was an open book that anyone on our balcony could read. The members were too numerous to describe as they passed, little ones and grown-ups, from one outer door to the other.

What interested us especially was the family altar, with its antependium of embroidered silk, its candlesticks and lamps—often lighted. Fine Catholics these and countless others would make if they could be reached, but, in these city hives, they are almost as hopeless a conquest as are the thousands of non-Catholics, whom we, in the cities of the homeland, fail to bring into the Church's net.

Those were busy days in Hongkong. There were instructions to be given,



GUESTS OF THE ITALIAN FATHERS AT HONGKONG

Since this photograph was taken, Fr. Valtorta has been named and consecrated Bishop of Hongkong

Front row:

Bishop Valtorta Maryknoll Superior
Fr. Ford

Fr. Downs
Fr. Spada



Hongkong aglow in the early evening light

opinions to seek, problems to settle, people to meet—not to speak of letters to answer; but gradually the group thinned, and all except two were en route for their stations before Easter.

Then came the question of getting to Kongmoon, the new Maryknoll mission center. Here were six whom I had not seen, and with them the Mission Superior—Father, now Monsignor Walsh. Under normal conditions the trip would have been a simple one, an overnight run on a comfortable steamer from Hongkong to Pakkai, an extension of Kongmoon, but “the strike” was on. It had been on for six months, and no boats could run from British-owned Hongkong, with any assurance of a welcome at a Chinese port in the province.

But to Kongmoon I should go, and, finally, through the kindly offices of His Lordship Bishop da Costa Nunes, the trip was managed nicely from Macao. Three of us, Fr Ford, Fr. Dietz, and I, after passing the night at the Macao Seminary, where Maryknollers are quite at home, boarded an armed launch which was placed at our service from daylight Saturday morning until twilight of Sunday. This meant that we could spend the night at the new Maryknoll house which Msgr. Walsh, under most disturbed conditions, had succeeded in completing.

Even a mile away, one could see that haven. It faced incoming boats and stands paired off with only one other western establishment, the residence of an oil company's officials.

The priests knew that we were on the way, but had no idea how or when we should arrive; but with the town under strike order and business at a

standstill, the shrill sound of a launch whistle had been quite enough to bring a line-up of watchful Maryknollers outside their compound walls.

Nearer we came and white handkerchiefs fluttering from shore and boat signalled our identity. Then as we began to distinguish forms and faces, our



Glimpsed in passing

boat stopped and unceremoniously dropped anchor. Again near, yet far. There were hundreds of sampans, and their poor owners need money badly, but no one of them dared to come out and bring us to land. Msgr. Walsh solved the difficulty, however, by securing the tender of a British Government boat, and he was soon on ours.

He looked well, for him, and wore

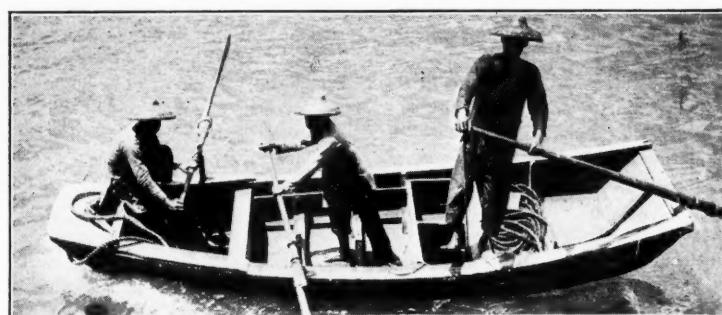
no livery to mark his rank, although his overcoat had faded in parts—into purple among other shades. This fading process was explained later as being due to the fact that the garment, taken from some Maryknoll shipment, had been dyed, and poorly.

We were all together in a few more moments, gathered around the table of the first ecclesiastical Maryknoll mission Superior.

This house, which serves both as a residence and as a small seminary, was provided by funds gathered by Msgr. Walsh in the Archdiocese of Boston, thanks to the approbation and encouragement of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell.

Few of the Boston benefactors, priests or people, will ever see the Kongmoon house which they have provided for American missionaries, but if they do, they will pronounce it solid, serviceable, and good looking. In a photograph, as is usual with houses in South China, its verandas give an impression of something larger than the reality, but, from that reproduced in THE FIELD AFAR, a good idea can be gained of Chinese construction as applied to mission needs.

Nineteen hours, with some deducted for sleep, are not many when there is much to be said by representatives from both shores of the Pacific, and those hours were well occupied. They included a High Mass, chanted by Fr. Ford and attended by fourteen boys together with the Maryknollers. The boys were our own preparatory students for the priesthood, and what earnest little fellows they are!



No sampan dared to come out and bring us to land

IS CONTINGENT LARGELY, UNDER GOD, ON CATECHISTS

After Mass, Msgr. Walsh spoke to them at length in Chinese, and, at the end, introduced the Number One visitor. My talk was in States English, to which the young audience listened most reverently without understanding even a preposition. Then Fr. Dietz, whose repute as a Chinese scholar is getting enviable, interpreted. I am told that he gave all that I had said. I cannot testify as I caught only as much from him as the boys did from me, but the flow of Chinese was steady and the occasional torrent, accompanied with local mannerisms, was exciting. I watched the youngsters and then I knew that they knew who was who and what was what.

They are really fine little fellows, and I doubt if any American with a check book and balance could help backing one of them on the spot. Unfortunately, none such have got to Kongmoon, and the support of these aspirant priests at one hundred dollars a year is an actual problem which the Holy Ghost must solve.

Fr. Paulhus, of Fall River, is the Superior of the Junior Seminary and keenly interested in the full development of his charges. Later at Canton, where five of his boys have gone for higher studies, I was especially gratified to learn that three of these were actually leading their classes.

It may seem strange to say that at Kongmoon and Pakkai, outside of the household, there are as yet hardly any Catholics. Why then should we build a house and establish here our first training school for native priests?

Because Kongmoon and Pakkai are growing rapidly and already form a center from which many of our missionaries in South China radiate. Through Kongmoon, too, come practically all the Chinese who are employed in the United States; through it they return to visit their homes. I have often thought that if American Catholics can be impressed with this relationship between Chinese in the homeland and the Maryknoll missions in South China, much good would result.

Fr. Dietz did not return with Fr.

Ford and myself to Macao, as he was on his way "home"; but Msgr. Walsh took advantage of the opportunity to make a speedy and safe passage, and, at four o'clock that Sunday afternoon, we were back in Macao. His Lordship Bishop da Costa Nunes, who had returned from Hongkong, added to our debt of gratitude by making the remainder of the day most agreeable. Macao has developed much in recent years, and we should have been well pleased to stay over another day, but there was a boat for Hongkong the next morning at eight, and we were on it. This brought us back to St. Louis School, our temporary procure, for lunch.

arrival from the South of their chief pastor.

The *Franconia* stayed at Hongkong three full days, which gave us an opportunity to introduce the bishop and his companions to much that was worth while, including a good taste of Chinese hospitality.

Canton, you recall, had been on the itinerary of the *Franconia* cruise, but, much to the disappointment of the party, it was canceled "owing to troubled conditions." However, on Bishop Hoban's arrival, we presented to him a means to reach the Chinese city and get back in good time to cover Hongkong. He accepted, and, at eight



THE NEW MARYKNOLL HOUSE, KONGMOON

Under most disturbed conditions, Msgr. Walsh has succeeded in completing it

Thus ended a first sortie from the base of the Rock.

The next was with a "Maryknoll Bishop," no other than the extraordinary Ordinary of the Diocese of Scranton, Pennsylvania, where stands, on a summit with a very prosaic name—The Vénard, Maryknoll's first Preparatory College. I have already announced the arrival of Bishop Hoban. He came to Hongkong on a round-the-world cruise, on the *Franconia* of the Cunard Line, and with him were two of his stalwart pastors, Fr. Boland, of Mt. Pocono, and Fr. McHugh, of Matamoras.

Two other Scranton priests, going South, had been our guests a few days before, and we were prepared for the

o'clock the next morning, three Scrantonians with four Maryknollers were on a British boat bound for Canton.

There was a little thrill next day, however, when the *Franconia* passengers learned from the newspapers that the two white Russians who had brought us away from Shameen had been shot by some sniper who might just as well have picked off the Bishop of Scranton the day before. And then—I dread to think of what would have followed for poor me when I should set foot again in the valley of anthracite. But, after all, in these days, we are liable to many kinds of accidents, and fool attacks anywhere and at any time. We take chances whenever we leave a sidewalk.

Once in New York City, when Bishop Hoban was crossing the street from his hotel to the cathedral, he was photographed and labeled on the newsprint as the "Bishop of Hongkong." He enjoyed the error, but he will hereafter appreciate the title at high value.

And this reminds me that before I left Hongkong, the shepherdless vicariate was made happy—as were all Maryknollers—by the announcement that Fr. Valtorta, of the Milan (Italian) Missions, had been nominated Vicar-Apostolic.

Bishop Valtorta is still young, active, and keen. He has much mission experience behind him, possesses an excellent knowledge of Chinese and a reputation for breadth of vision, all of which means much for the development of the Church in and around Hongkong.

CONVERSIONS

LAST year, in the Kongmoon Prefecture Apostolic, one of the Maryknoll missions, about twenty-five hundred persons applied for baptism, but, owing to lack of catechists, it was possible to properly instruct and baptize only four hundred and forty of these. At present, the outlook for this year is no brighter. Think of the loss to souls in a period of, say, ten years, in this one mission alone.

In northern China and in Korea, where other Maryknollers are at work, conditions are only slightly, if any, better. If every priest in the United States sent one missionary vocation to Maryknoll, there would be room and to spare in China, while one could look forward to about one million converts yearly as a result of their labors.

Some of our friends remark occasionally that we ought to be very well satisfied with the progress that Maryknoll has so far made.

No one is more conscious, we hope, of God's goodness to us than we ourselves, but the measure of our future duty is rather the need before us than what has already been done.

And what a need! When the

FALL DEPARTURE — 1926

Thirteen have been named for the missions: six priests; one Brother; six Sisters.

Each will require five hundred dollars.

The priests shall go, even if we must borrow to send them.

The departure of the Sisters and the Brothers is contingent on what gifts will come.

May St. Joseph, the first missioner to foreign lands, cover the need!

World War began, there were three hundred and thirty-six French priests at work in the five southwestern Chinese provinces of Szechiwan, Yunnan, Kweichow, Kwangsi, and Kwangtung, exclusive of the two districts of Hongkong and Macao. The population of these provinces is more than one hundred million, giving a ratio of one missioner to nearly three hundred thousand people. By 1925, the number of French priests had been reduced to two hundred and twenty-five, and whole parishes of converts were without pastors.

Meanwhile, twenty-five Maryknollers and about the same number of Italian Salesians had taken over a small part of this field, but the eleven-year period shows a considerable loss, nevertheless. To insure progress, there should have been a gain; as it is, the priests



LITTLE LEE ZEE
Who smiles at our Kongmooners

MISSION VALUES

\$1 for a day's support of a missioner.

\$2.50 for a month's support of a baby.

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\$30 for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl; or the yearly support of a leper.

\$50 for the yearly retreat expenses of a missioner; the yearly support of a preparatory student; or the yearly upkeep of a village school.

\$100 for the yearly travel expenses of a missioner or for the yearly support of a native seminarian.

\$180 for the yearly salary of a catechist.

\$200 for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.

\$250 for the yearly support of a native priest.

\$300 for the personal support and travel expenses for one year, of a missioner.

\$400 for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.

\$500 for a village school; the outfit and travel expenses of a missioner or a Sister, to Asia; or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.

\$1,000 for a chapel or for an orphanage.

\$1,500 for a small dispensary or for a native student burse.

\$2,000 for a modern city high school (100 pupils); or a catechumenate (40 catechumens and 2 teachers).

\$3,000 for a catechist burse or a priest's house.

\$4,000 for a leper hospital (100 beds).

\$5,000 for land to serve as a mission center (including that for Sisters); or a convent and convent chapel.

\$15,000 for a sanatorium for missioners; or land for a vicariate center.

are usually kept busy caring for the Catholics and have little time for making converts.

Perhaps the hiring of more catechists would relieve the situation somewhat, but the missioners tell us that they have not the funds to do this.

Maryknoll-in-Korea

MARYKNOLL in Korea, comprising the two north western provinces, is about the same in latitude and size as New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. However, it has somewhat fewer priests and more pagans in its population of over 2,440,000.

The New Korea

Till a few years ago, the rate of conversion to the Catholic Faith was rapid, despite paucity of missionaries, for the Korean has a deep spiritual sense and the religion of his fathers has been found wanting. But the extraordinary material development of the country of late years has given the young Korean taste in kind, wholly free from any spiritual check; and his present-day attitude towards religion is that of the enlightened "man of science" who has put away the things of a child with its myths and superstitious fancies.

From this charge are naturally exempt the older generation, and, to a large extent, the young women and girls of the present, whose education beyond the three "R's" is usually beyond the family budget as well. With some sterling exceptions in the ranks of the young men, it is chiefly from these two groups that the Church today is getting recruits in Korea. But the growth of the Church is not apace with the growth of this deadening materialism, more harmful in its indifference to Faith than would be its hostility, and Christianity will drop farther and farther behind in the race unless greater efforts are made in two directions—the proper religious education of our children and the training of a native clergy. Koreans must save Korea.

Such conclusions are our outstanding impressions after the year's work. They are confirmed by the mature experience of missionaries long on the field who know whereof they speak.

The Second Year

The year from January, 1925, to January, 1926, marked a few steps forward by Maryknoll in Korea. At the beginning of the year, the personnel consisted of six priests, located in the districts of Gishu, Shingishu, and Yeng You, with a community of Sisters in a convent at Gishu. During the year, seven more priests and one Auxiliary Brother arrived, and a new group of Maryknoll Sisters, bringing their total to twelve.



A TUNEFUL TRIO
Greeting the Maryknoll Superior
at Yeng You

As even the first on the Korean field are still comparatively new to the country, little could be done by the missionaries personally except study the language and administer the sacraments to those already baptized. Through paid catechists, however, and other native helpers, they were able to reach indirectly a consoling number of souls.

Their efforts were augmented by the fruitful labors of an experienced French missioner and two Korean Fathers, lent by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mutel, of Seoul.

The grand total of baptisms for the year was eight hundred and twenty-two.

The Christians are scattered in small communities here and there, and it is, at times, difficult to keep in touch

with them, for the pinch of poverty and the lack of work manage to keep a considerable percentage migrating from one place to another. As the last rice crop was better than usual, thank God, there has been, of late, less of this restlessness, and the condition of the poor is not now so pitiable as is usual in winter time.

Shingishu (Fr. Byrne, assisted by Fr. Pak) thanks to the good work of a native priest, Fr. Pak, temporarily assigned to us, had a steady growth. A night school of three classes was opened in the church, for children whose parents are too poor to pay the monthly dues at the government school (equivalent to thirty-five cents). A splendid site was secured for a new church to replace the present mud hut, and some building materials have already been collected for this purpose. For the present, a Japanese doll-house serves as rectory.

Gishu (Fr. Cassidy) maintained its previous rate of progress and witnessed as well the start of an Old Folks' Home, open alike to Christian and pagan provided with the proper credentials from the civil authorities. Another year was added to the parish school curriculum. The Maryknoll Sisters, two of whom are native Koreans, engaged in regular catechetical work, and a dispensary was opened, a boon to the very poor.

Hik'en (Fr. Sweeney) is a new mission. A mud chapel, built by the small community of local Christians, was slightly enlarged, à la same mud, to accommodate a resident pastor. Late in the year, a beautiful elevated site in the center of the town was secured for the church that is to be.

Yeng You (Fr. Morris in charge) witnessed the most notable development of the year with the dedication of a large brick church, the first St. Patrick's in Korea, designed and executed by the pastor; and a commodious House of Studies, also in brick, by the same undaunted architect. Here, all the 1925 group of Maryknoll priests will remain for a year or two, devoting their time to the language exclusively, free from cares, either pastoral or financial.

Heretofore, the Maryknoll missionaries have been obliged to take over the care of Christians at mission centers already established by French or Korean priests. The many distractions of pastoral duties, plus the anxieties of securing financial support to maintain and develop these centers, proved no little obstacle to the constant applica-

on necessary for the mastery of the language.

The "House of Studies" means neglecting a considerable number of Catholics for a short period of years, but to their greater ultimate benefit. It seems a feasible, a laudable plan—but its fruits lie entirely in the future. Later on, when this house has fulfilled its present purpose, it will be turned over to the Sisters for use as a convent.

Pengyang, staffed by a Maryknoller (Fr. Cleary) and a native priest, Fr. Kim, made a good advance with three hundred baptisms; while the attendance at the parish schools of over four hundred brings up for immediate solution the problem of adequate, sanitary accommodations for these pupils. That the faithful realize the importance of Catholic training for their children is shown by the sacrifices they have made therefor—some having even parted with their wedding rings to raise funds for enlarging the schools.

Chinnampo was cared for by a French missioner, Fr. Lucas, who, at this writing, has been recalled by the Bishop of Seoul, a Maryknoll priest, Fr. Duffy, replacing him. The affairs of this mission saw their usual advance, steady, but, owing to lack of resources, not in pace with the rapid development of this growing seaport. This mission has no paid catechists, but it supports parochial schools for boys and girls.

Sinmido, an island one hour's sail to the west, with two communities of Christians but no resident priest, may thank American benefactors for a long desired school as well as the assurance of salary for capable teachers.

Antung, in Manchuria, just across the frontier from Shingishu, is under Bishop Blois, of Mukden, and was chosen for the temporary convent and language school of the second community of Maryknoll Sisters, as no suitable house could be rented for the purpose anywhere in the Korean mission. The resident chaplain in Antung, Fr. Hunt, also said Mass on Sundays at the parish church for a mixed congregation of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean Catholics.

CONVENTS

The first convent of Maryknoll Sisters was established at Gishu when the pioneer band of six Sisters arrived in 1924. Their first year was devoted to language study. In 1925, after the arrival of the second group, two of whom are native Koreans trained in the States, the Gishu community entered upon active missionary work, and, before many months, the Antung Sisters were doing likewise.

The Sisters' Work

Their activities include visiting the homes of well disposed pagans who have expressed an interest in Christianity, and also the pagan parents of children attending the mission school; ministering to the sick poor in their hovels or at the convent; catechizing adults and children, and preparing them for the sacraments; teaching in the school; and conducting industrial departments in which native needlecraft is employed in the making of novelties for sale in America.

At Gishu, the needlewomen are either young women deserted by their husbands, or mothers of large and growing families whose sustenance they must provide. At Antung, Chinese girls in

their early teens prove by their nimble fingers an innate aptitude for fine embroidery. The industrial work at both convents, although missionary in its purpose and in its effect, is also an economic endeavor to stretch a hand across the Pacific and make both ends meet.

The convents at Pengyang and Chinnampo are not as yet staffed by Maryknoll Sisters. At each of these houses, two native Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres are stationed, and their work is confined to the mission schools.

Great hope is being placed in the work of the Sisters because their influence is exerted principally upon the



THE PASTOR OF YENG YOU
Fr. Morris with two of his ablest catechists

women and children. Their readiness to respond to the lessons taught them in the Faith, in religious conduct and Christian ideals, warrants the belief that the coming generation of mothers will bring up their children in a more wholesome atmosphere, free from the sneering tolerance of today and receptive to the word of Christ.

Seminarians

At the diocesan seminary at Seoul, the national capital, are six students from the Maryknoll district studying for the priesthood. Two of these are to receive tonsure at the coming ordinations. The other four are in the preparatory college. The educational cost of three of these students is being met by American benefactors. Who could name a more efficacious and fruitful way of winning these Koreans to Christ, than by supplying them with native priests?

As the budget warrants, other subjects who have already manifested a persevering desire to study for the priesthood, will be sent to the seminary. The Korean clergy is a spiritual, intelligent, and zealous body of men. The sooner we can staff our districts with such priests, the sooner will Koreans realize that the true Faith is not national, not "foreign," but catholic.

Help From Home

Many have proved themselves good friends of Maryknoll-in-Korea, benefactors according to their ability. It is to these apostles at home that recognition is due not only for what the year has witnessed in material progress, but also for the support of seminarians, the maintenance of schools, and the rich spiritual harvest gathered through our paid catechists.

Apart from individual benefactors, special mention should be made of the constant encouragement and help received from the Boston Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

To these loyal coworkers at home, our thanks can only seem meager; it is God's to reward. Nor does He forget!

Hopes for the Future

Schools.—Many are the plans for mission development at all the centers. Once respectable churches are built, schools are the next most effective means of influencing the natives. All are eager for an education, and American priests and Sisters are expected to provide it for the growing generation. However, on account of the extensive Japanese system of public schools, private Catholic schools are an expensive proposition not appreciated by the poor Christian natives, still less by the pagan multitudes.

In addition to parochial schools for



FR. MORRIS'S SCHOOL AT YENG YOU

boys and girls, higher schools for girls are in demand. In all Korea, today, there is no Catholic school for girls who have completed the six elementary grades. Schools of industrial and household arts, not to mention training schools for future teachers and mission helpers, are projects earnestly desired and prayed for.

Dispensaries.—The lack of Catholic dispensaries and hospitals in Korea calls forth sanguine hopes of establishing medical stations at all Maryknoll convents on the missions. With the illustrative aid of baby clinics and the practical instruction of school children and young mothers in hygiene, lasting good will be effected.

Pagans are easily drawn to dispensaries conducted by religious. Their superstitious belief that all diseases are caused by an indwelling devil makes them docile subjects in the hands of priest or Sister in whose exorcising power they place great faith. In relieving the bodies of the sick, therefore, one can easily reach not only their own souls but the souls of many interested in them.

Works of Charity.—Works of charity, such as homes for the aged, orphan asylums, asylums for the blind, the crippled, and homeless, sanitaria for the many, many victims of tuberculosis—all these are in the minds of the missionaries; but 'tis said to have taken more than a day to build Rome.

A start, however, has been made in Gishu, where, to the amazement of the natives who can see no utilitarian motive to account for such useless expenditure, an old folks' home has been opened.

And so, with handicaps and shortcomings, the American Catholic missionaries are trying to build some solid foundations for the Church of Christ in the territory entrusted to Maryknoll, with the hope, in time, of bringing forth fruits worthy of the blood of so many French and Korean martyrs.

MARYKNOLL MISSION

Population

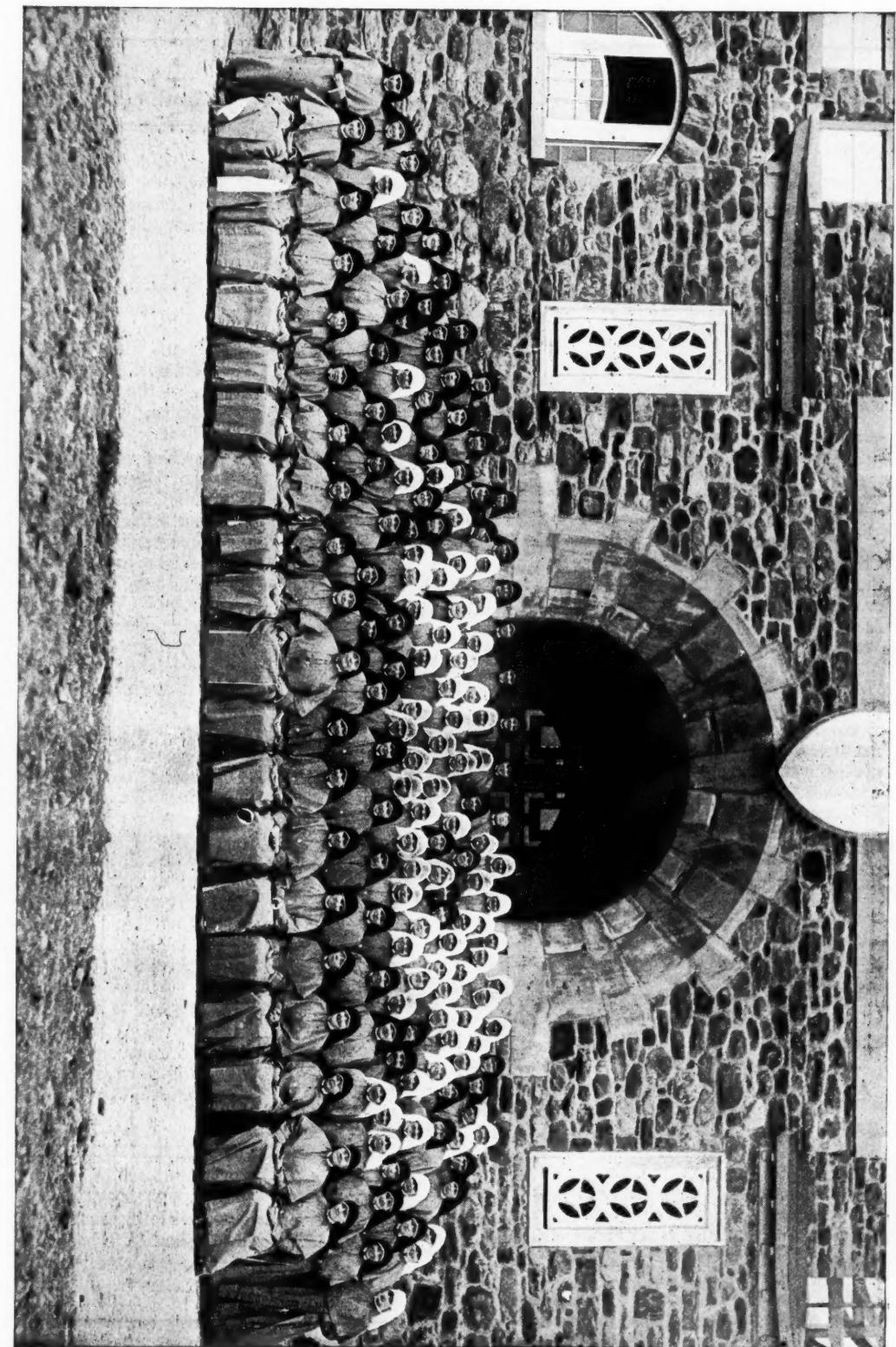
Pagan	2,394,437
Protestant	41,473
Catholic	5,484
Korean	2,384,051
Japanese	48,372
Chinese	8,971

Personnel

American Missioners	26
Priests	13
Auxiliary Brother	1
Sisters	12
Korean Priests (lent)	2
Seminarians	6
Catechists—Men	67
Catechists—Women	66

Administration

Christians	5,484
Catechumens, Jan. 1, 1926 ..	390
Baptisms	822
Adult	382
Infant	440
Communions	36,060
Confirmations	0
Pupils—Boys	459
Pupils—Girls	541
Medical Treatment	1,035



SOME OF THE CHILDREN AT THE HOME KNOOLL.

They are still crowding into the "stove" and the "old woman" has often to think hard and long about their bread and broth. Wouldn't you like to sponsor—in whole or in part—one of these Sisters who would represent you in the foreign mission apostolate? One dollar a day or \$350 a year will do this. Or perhaps you would prefer to build up, if not establish outright, a Burse of \$6,000, the interest on which would support a Sister in perpetuity?

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1926

THE FIELD AFAR

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with all subscriptions.)*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

THE eighth of September is marked on the calendar of the Church as the name day as well as the birthday of the Blessed Mother. And the Virgin's name was Mary.

St. Bernard says that the name Mary signifies "Star of the Sea." "Mary is a clear and shining star," he says, "twinkling with excellencies and resplendent with example, needfully set up to look down upon the surface of this great and wide sea."

Maryknoll has taken this title quite literally. It has been the longstanding custom at all Maryknoll houses, while the outgoing missionaries are crossing the great Pacific, to close night prayers with the invocation: *Stella Maris, ora pro eis*—"Star of the Sea, pray for them." And, somehow we have felt confident that the "Light of the Sea" has always brought them consolation.

v

AT Dayton, as the summer was setting in, the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held its fifth general convention.

The great congress at Chicago had just preceded it, but many of the students and their elder friends managed to cover both occasions and were the happier for the effort.

The students' mission movement is becoming a habit in

American Catholic life, thanks to the perseverance and zeal of its organizers. We need just such an influence, not only for the missions abroad, but to awaken and stimulate zeal in the home-lands for souls that are in darkness though surrounded by light.

v

THE Maryknoll Superior in his recent visit to the mission field was especially impressed by two things.

One was the promising nucleus of future Chinese priests, a group of twenty boys studying for the priesthood under Msgr. Walsh of Kongmoon.

The other was the witness of results in Korea, where, in a very short time, a great gain has been made with the positive assurance of most gratifying figures to follow.

Korea, the Superior is convinced, is still ripe for the Faith in spite of the inroads of western materialism, but he is equally sure that there should be no delay in strengthening our forces and that now is the moment.

v

TWO American missionary priests and one Sister, all Maryknollers, comprise the still small list of those who have gone to God from their chosen field. The bodies of the two priests, Father Price and Father Hodgins, lie in Happy Valley Cemetery, Hongkong, and have been visited by several Catholic American tourists.

The story of each is interesting, that of Father Price, a cofounder of Maryknoll, and founder of the magazine, *Truth*, especially so. A brief résumé of Father Price's life was published ten years ago, and, in the hope that some further val-

The Field Afar is the Dollar-a-Year Mission Magazine.

uable data may be secured, letters written by this truly apostolic priest will appear from time to time in these pages.

v

THE scholastic year at Maryknoll and at the Preparatory College will open as this issue of THE FIELD AFAR reaches our friends. As we write, we cannot give the number of students enrolled, but the promise is very good.

Not all youths who knock at our door can be admitted. The mission field needs many laborers, but the qualifications required are realized today more than at the beginning, because experience has been teaching us valuable lessons. We must have youths, manly, self-sacrificing, and keenly intelligent to meet the spiritual needs of such civilized peoples as are to be found in the Orient.

Gradually it is being realized that the material out of which missionaries for the Orient are made must be material of quality. In other words, a barely passing mark, even when associated with good will and the virtues, will not, humanly speaking, guarantee success. It is true that God often chooses the foolish to confound the wise, and the weak to confound the strong; but He expects us to make the best possible choice of human instruments designed to carry on His work.

We of Maryknoll are prepared to form apostles. We are looking for good material, and you, friend, can help us.

v

YOUR ALTERNATE BENEFICIARY?

Who will get the benefit of your life insurance if the loved one for whom you now wish to provide should die before you? If there is no one else to whom you owe that duty, why not make Maryknoll your alternate beneficiary?

PREPARES are in the making for the twelfth departure of missionaries from Maryknoll. Departures are getting to be a habit, a blessed one, we may add.

This year of 1926 was a "lean one" for ordinations, and, as a result, the Departure Group will be small. This will disappoint waiting Maryknollers on the other side, but—*que voulz-vous?* We can't put in a rush order when it is a question of making a priest.

Actually, however, the problem this year has been to put six priests into twelve openings, and, as you, dear reader, will readily agree, "it can't be done." We are sending, therefore, two to Manchuria, two to Korea, and two to South China. Pray then that the Lord of the harvest may multiply laborers for His vineyard.



NOTE elsewhere (on page 217) in this issue the excerpt from a letter written by Fr. Ford when he and another Maryknoll priest were in the Philippine Islands last year.

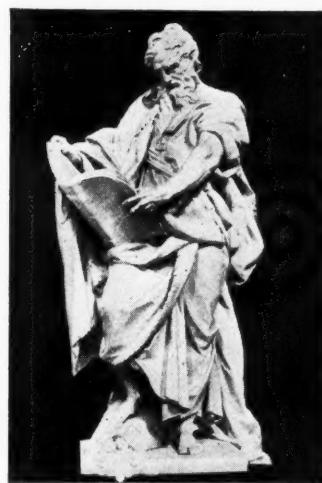
The condition is staggering and calls for immediate relief. One asks one's self, "What can be done?" and the question that follows is, "Whose business is it?" And who will meet this vital need?

To strengthen the apostolate in China, Rome has urged various religious orders in the United States to staff at least one mission in that country.

Would it not be possible and feasible to secure similar cooperation for the good of the Church in our American possessions? We can only present the question.



CHICAGO is nothing if not the greatest, and the Eucharistic Congress will certainly go into history as the most splendid manifestation of Faith that the Church in this country has recorded. Nor will the sacred hymns of these days die as they reach the coast lines of our country. They have echoed to the farthest



ST. MATTHEW, APOSTLE
From a statue in the Vatican

limits, North and South, of this Western Hemisphere; they have crossed the Atlantic and stirred Europe.

They have been heard over the Pacific in the Land of the Blue Gown, of the Rising Sun, and of the Morning Calm; in Indo-China; in India and Ceylon. May they call to life souls that are dead and multiply on heathen hillsides the twinkling sanctuary lamps that lead travelers from afar to the House of the Living Bread!



SI X thousand new subscribers in a month is an enviable number to some of our contemporaries, and this was THE FIELD AFAR record for a recent period of four short weeks. This represented five countries and thirty-five states, with New Jersey at the head of the list, followed by Ohio and California.

A MARYKNOLL LIFE MEMBERSHIP *has these special advantages:*

1. Spiritual Affiliation—including a share in the Masses, prayers, and sacrifices of those connected with Maryknoll.
2. Life Subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

BUT—can we keep them? Not all. Many will fail to renew simply because they forget or because they will not take the trouble. We, who have recorded their names with special pleasure, will spend money and time to keep them close to our hearts, but in the end we shall be the losers—they, too, of course.

Others will stay with us "for better or for worse"—happy in this monthly appearance of a cheerful visitor who will comfort them in their trials and encourage them in their soul development.



REFERRING to a Maryknoll vocational pamphlet, the president of one of the large Catholic universities in the South writes:

You cannot do a better thing than to develop by education a love and understanding of the vocation to the missionary life, for which we are surely lacking in that spirit of self-sacrifice so essential to great achievements for the kingdom of Christ.

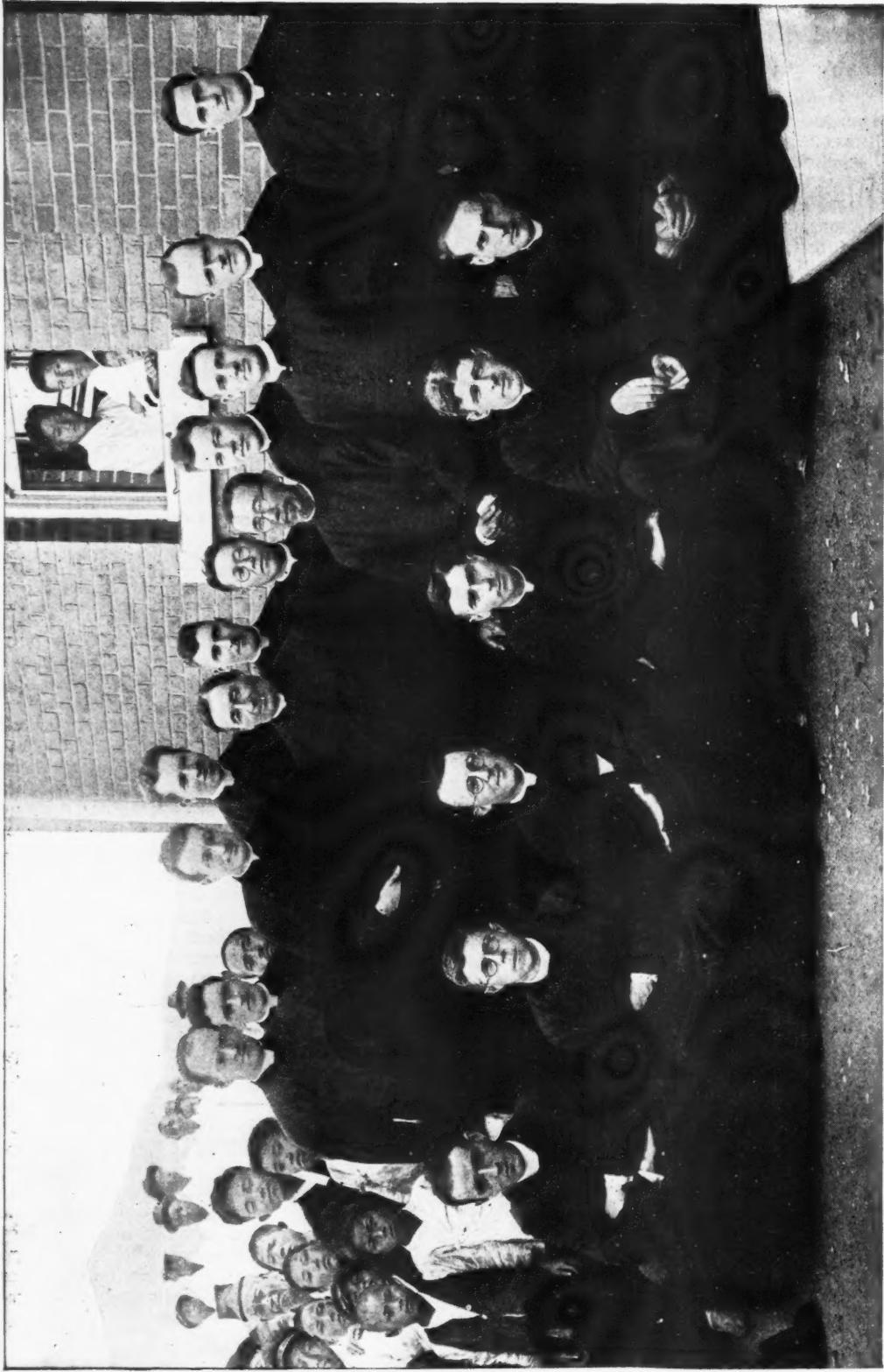
This summarizes neatly the holy ambition of every training house for foreign missions. What the Church in America, as in all lands, needs constantly, is the spirit of propaganda, a warm zeal to realize the prayer of Christ that there may be one fold and one shepherd.

There are heathens without number in the homeland—here, too, there is a large army of well-trained priests and some millions of Catholics capable, also, of imparting to non-Catholics a knowledge of the true Faith.

Every convert maker, priest or layman, is an example and a stimulus to the inactive Catholic. So, too, is every movement for the extension of the Faith.

The distinguishing mark of a society for foreign missions is the additional sacrifice inspired by what is commonly termed "exile" for the love of Christ. This sacrifice may and may not be exaggerated. In any event, it is striking and edifying—suggesting as it almost invariably does the idea that if the stay-at-home cannot go far or do as much, he should at least make efforts to reach his immediate neighbor.





A MEMORABLE REUNION IN KOREA

When the Maryknoll Superior visited Yeng You. The two native priests, Fr. Kim and Fr. Pak, have been guiding the Maryknollers' first steps in Chosen

IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF AN EMPEROR

By William Franklin Sands

[Mr. Sands, who is well known to Catholic readers, was formerly attached to the Imperial Household of the Emperor of Korea.]

I MADE an unfortunate remark, some time ago, as (*mca culpa!*) I not infrequently do. I told a missioner in a country I used to know extremely well that I could not see peculiar hardship and sacrifice in modern missionary life, since the things I used to do for sport and travel, and go through with as necessary for the object to be achieved, in spite of momentary discomfort, they do for the good of souls, which is a higher motive than shooting wild boars and tigers. I am afraid my friend had just gone through an over-dose of discomfort, for he didn't like it.

I apologize to all missioners, but—I stick to my point. If a man is in good health, he need fear nothing, and, with our modern ways and knowledge of preventive medicine and sanitary care, he may reasonably expect to get through on the irreducible minimum of physical and even of mental ills. In any case he is not, generally speaking, having a harder time than the sportsman.

There is a difference, however, in men themselves, and I say it with no pride of age. For all of school and college athletics, our American boys of today are soft; we are taught, in this generation, to win quickly, not to endure cheerfully or as a matter of course. The minute one has learned to endure, there is no sense of endurance, no sacrifice—but, I do not believe that there is any less merit in the eyes of the Prize Giver.

Maryknoll has interested me enormously from that point of view. From what I have seen of its product, character is one of its most important subjects. Men at Maryknoll are trained for loneliness, which they must inevitably face in mission life, and loneliness is the chief, if not the only true

missionary hardship. Their bodies are trained to endurance by manual labor, which is very sound, for athletics are a substitute for manual labor not possible in most school training, and athletics can never replace manual labor in effect on body and mind and character. Maryknollers live simply, even though they live in what would have been solid comfort or even luxury to our pioneer ancestors.

I have seen something of mission countries. I have always felt that too much emphasis is laid on the difference

It will serve you and us if you make your subscription a Life Subscription.

in way of living between the missioner and the rich merchant; if comparisons must be made, it would be much more fair to compare the missioner's hardships with those of the big game hunter.

Take Korea, for instance, one of the primitive lands in which I have lived and of which I can speak with knowledge. I am supposed not to know much about the conditions of the people because I was an official and even a mandarin when I was there; that is, I suggest, a somewhat cynical point of view. Sometimes people who govern do know their people.

Twenty-nine years ago, when I went to Korea on government service, its present development was only just beginning. The first link in the railway system—the twenty-odd miles from Chemulpo to Seoul, was under construction by an American concessionaire, who, when he had completed it and sold it to a Japanese company, turned his attention to a

trolley line for the private use of the Emperor, to run from the Palace to the Queen's tomb, a few miles out of town. Many people condemned the project as frivolous, but out of it grew in the next few years the trolley system of the capital, improved streets, waterworks and unpolluted water, and electric lighting. These were at the moment, however, untried and experimental.

The city and the country at large were archaic; Penyang was an ancient oriental jewel, with the reputation so many oriental cities bear of being the most wicked city in the East; one moved in the time of Abraham, and reactions to modern inventions and to western ways were doubtless those of the Israelites of Abraham's day to all such novelties.

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1926

Two years after my arrival at the American Legation, the Emperor's last American advisers died. There was General Charles Legendre, a Frenchman who had served as a volunteer officer in the Civil War, been wounded severely, brevetted brigadier general for gallantry in action, and sent out to the East by President Grant. He became adviser to the Japanese Imperial Home Office and took later the same position with the Emperor of Korea.

There was General Dye, at the head of the Military School, also a veteran, who came to Korea from the service of the Khedive of Egypt. There was Clarence Greathouse, a Kentucky lawyer and editor at one time of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, known as "General" Greathouse, because he had been Consul-General at Yokohama. He was legal adviser and adviser to the Foreign Office.

Dye had resigned and gone home; the two other old gentlemen died about the same time, and, in the chaotic conditions preceding the Japanese-Russian War, the Emperor felt that he wanted an American to replace them, since all Europe was lined up on one side or the other between the two future contestants. He invited Mr. Dinsmore, former American Minister to Korea; but Dinsmore had just been elected to Congress, so he invited me, and, being twenty-three years old, I gaily took on myself the task of advising a sorely-tried monarch on how to preserve his inheritance.

I think that people must have gasped—at my present age, I should myself. Still, I liked the Koreans; I saw their faults and weaknesses as all foreigners did, and doubtless still do, but did not emphasize them. I saw also their virtues, which most foreigners did not admit, even some of the missionaries, and I saw a number of things to be done for Korea which did not appall me or even appear to me impossible of accomplishment, because I possessed the blessed asset of youth and health and vigor. It was only later that I knew the task to be hopeless, but, realizing it, I cast hope and disappointment to the winds as a galling burden, and did what I could, persistently, till the outbreak of the war in 1904, when there remained no place for me.

I had been given a pleasant house, built by Mr. Hulbert, an American

missionary, in which I rarely lived, for I had also been given quarters in the palace. I was consulted about everything—even as to the adequacy of sending out a biblical scapegoat (a horse, in this case) to forestall the cholera plague descending from Manchuria. I witnessed very curious forms of devil worship, side by side with sacrifices to heaven. I once attended a burnt offering of three small doleful pigs, to honor the souls of men dead in battle. I am afraid some of my foreign friends

THE Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic are in a strange situation. While other communities are suffering for lack of vocations, theirs are so plentifully supplied that they are embarrassed not only for want of room but for means of support. They cannot see their way to turn away fine souls, nor are these applicants inclined to apply elsewhere because they feel that God has called them to the special work for which the Foreign Mission Sisters have been organized.

We of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America have our own needs and they are very many, but we feel for these Sisters who, though a separate organization, bear also the popular name of Maryknoll.

Generous gifts to this little army of noble young women can never be more timely than now.

were shocked, but as one of the Koreans remarked, "Surely nobody could suppose you were taking religious part in it—any more than I was!" and I found that my particular friend at the French Mission agreed with him.

That is one side of the picture, and has nothing specially to do with hardship and privation. On the other side, however, I was called on for advice and frequently for action affecting some ten millions or more (no one knew the figures) of the Korean people, those among whom Maryknollers are now living, and whom I did not know.

It seemed to me that there was only one way to know them and their needs; so I "went native," and every chance

I had, which was often, I escaped from court and went to the people. I was rather proud of being able to live on native food as no foreigners but the French priests could. I got used to *kimchee*, the awful decomposed cabbage pickle, and to rotting fish. I got to eat rice black with flies, cholera and typhoid staring me in the face. I did balk once at food offered me in Wiju (now Gishu) cooked in castor oil by a woman with no features left by the ravaging disease consuming her—but perhaps that was due only to the fact that I was already far gone in a bad case of typhoid which laid me low, very low, for six weeks.

I shied another time, in Quelpart, where I was trying to eat a precarious meal surrounded by some ninety victims of a massacre which had destroyed the Catholic mission. The bodies had been lying there for fourteen days in rain and torrid sun. I had come down with native soldiers to take charge of the island and restore order, and my first care was to give burial to these dead, who were beyond identification. As I ate, a little heathen sparrow dropped in my food a lock of long black hair, with a piece of skull attached. Martyr's hair or not, I didn't eat.

I have had my native horse so lamed and swollen by mosquito bites that I had to lead him; I have been poisoned so, myself, by mosquitoes and more intimate and domestic vermin that I could hardly drag myself along. I have found myself with my horse frozen, and all alone in the mountains, rescued by a kindly person who fed and warmed me and shared with me his pipe, waiting to see what I would do when I recovered; for he knew that I was hunting him, a formidable leader of the "Red Beard" riding brigade. I was in charge, single handed, of the great cholera outbreak of 1901. I have lost a chance companion on the road in quick sands, unable to save him, and a faithful servant, drowned before my eyes in a current in which no man could live. I have dropped from my horse in sheer weariness and slept where I fell—but, with all that, I never thought of these things as hardships, or thought much of them at all, because it was a new life and I wanted to learn it and to know the people I had to learn to help.

And there were so many things to take one's mind off physical discomforts. I will hold against anyone that Korea is a beautiful country, barren though it be in places. The climate, a good vigorous cold in winter, is healthy in spite of summer heat and rain. Spring with its plum blossoms and azaleas is a perfect season; autumn, crisp, exhilarating, more than perfect. There are little mud-walled, thatched-roofed villages; red peppers blotched against the straw; great chestnut trees throwing grateful shade for the old men while the younger ones toil knee-deep in the soft black ooze of rice fields; files of girls and women with black water jars on their heads winding down to the village well, gossiping shrilly. Overhead are great lines of teals and flocks of geese and swans, and often bustards, too, swinging across the sky; pheasants crowing at the fields' edge. And once, of an early morning, I saw a dance of sacred ibises—two rings of brilliant birds, one rising, contracting, and passing through the other descending ring, to let them through in turn on the rise.

There were certainly many quiet compensations for quite simple discomforts. The native houses are dirty, but they can be kept clean. They can even be kept warm; they are in fact too warm, for the native dislikes ventilation. A native house makes over very well indeed for foreign habitation, and can be warmed by stoves as is any Vermont farmhouse today. A good Sears-Roebuck stove would doubtless be a welcome gift to a Korean mission. We used the old "Round Oak," with Penyang soft coal dust molded into balls with clay, which heated perfectly.

As for food, Korean rice is the best in the East, and the beef far superior to anything I have known in tropical countries, quite equal to Chicago beef. There used to be abundance of game, though chickens, eggs, butter, and milk were rare, and, in many parts, as unknown as they were years ago on any western ranch. Our fruits and vegetables do grow, however, and can be raised satisfactorily.

Those things did not count then. It was loneliness that counted, and quite likely a missionary can be lonely, ter-

rribly lonely. I am sure that it must be very easy for American youth to be lonely in the far places of the world, for this generation of American youth is luxurious in comparison with the time of which I speak.

When I went to school in Germany, our dormitories were unheated; we broke the ice in our tin wash basins (if we had not drunk up the contents during the night, in which case we did not wash); baths came once a month in winter, and, if one missed his turn, there was no help until the next month.



A STICK MAKER IN KOREA

These sticks will pound the Monday wash

Perhaps that is why I could not see so many privations in native eastern life as would the average American boy brought up in our cities. Hardships are a matter of temperament and physical health. There is too much of interest in missionary work and of joy in life to bother much about the physical part, provided that one has health, endurance, and a definite object.

BLOWN OVERSEAS
WE recorded last year that following the annual retreat of Maryknoll missionaries in South China, many could not get back to their stations for lack of transportation as the service was interrupted by various disorders.

At this period, as our quarters in Hongkong were utterly inadequate and as no other place could be temporarily secured, several of our men were sent to Manila, a journey of less than two days.

Here, thanks to the great kindness of Jesuit friends, a house was provided, and the Maryknollers immediately started classes in Chinese, under a competent teacher whom they had brought with them.

Before returning to Hongkong, two of the oldest (!) made a sally away from Manila. Of their experiences, Fr. Ford wrote:

Fr. McShane and I were free to run down to Iloilo and we inspected about one-half the Mill Hill mission. Imagine parishes of twenty-five thousand Christians with only one priest, and fairly good Catholics, too, if they only had a chance—for example, four thousand out of one parish of nine thousand came into town to go to confession for Easter. The priest says that he heard confessions for forty hours, yet had to let many go without making their Easter duty simply because they lived so far away they could not spend another day—after waiting in line for two days for confession.

All agree that the Philippines, far from being hopeless, are just right now, though another five years will see millions lost to the Church, as they have till now been twenty-seven years without pastors. Every diocese has from thirty to sixty parishes unstaffed, each parish self-supporting, with ample buildings and averaging perhaps five thousand to a parish.

To place before Catholic and pagan Koreans a glimpse of Catholic life in America and so to help disabuse the Korean of the idea that this is a Protestant country—such considerations are behind a letter from Fr. Cleary, a Maryknoller in Korea, who writes:

May I ask you not to forget to procure for us, if possible, a set of the "movies" of the Eucharistic Congress? If we could find some one to donate a portable movie machine with the film, its value here would be untold.

World-Wide

A PROMINENT figure in Chicago during the Eucharistic Congress was Joseph Lo Pa Hong, who has been most erroneously called the "Rockefeller of China."

Mr. Lo Pa Hong, so far as his friends know and believe, has had too large a heart to create any enormous surplus as a result of his business ventures. He is, however, considered a very successful man of affairs, and anyone who sees his various business enterprises will realize this; but to Joseph Lo Pa Hong, money is a means to one great end, and that end is the glory of Almighty God and the saving of men's souls.

Four hundred miles on a sick call, is the title of a letter received by *The Indian Sentinel*. The writer says:

I am just leaving for a four hundred mile trip on an urgent sick call. Only half a dozen souls directly concerned are the primary cause of this long, expensive, and very hard trip of a full three weeks' duration, behind a team of wild dogs. But then, these souls are immortal. And in this case, the wolf, the arch-enemy, is hard after him.

What would the Good Shepherd do if He were still on earth? I am happy He has commissioned me to do what He so desires to have done. There is no telling when I shall return. A four hundred mile trip in the States would mean a ten hour comfortable seat in a railway car, almost a pleasure trip. Here it means the open sled, the drifting snow, the blinding winds, the bitter cold, the uncertainty of an accident, far away from all help.

The story of Catholic missions is NOT a finished tale of the PAST. Catholic missions had a beginning but they have not had an end. TODAY as nineteen centuries ago apostles are striving to TEACH ALL NATIONS, that men may believe and be saved.

If you will have a share in the good work, you will find much help in the mission manual advertised on page 227.

SECURE ONE NEW



THE LATE REV. BERTRAND
COTHONAY, O. P.

When the organizers of Maryknoll started their work in New York State, they lived for several months as the guests of the Rev. Bertrand Cothonay, O.P., at Hawthorne.

Father Cothonay had been a missioner in Tongking and later returned to that country. In the past fifteen years, there has been a regular correspondence between this zealous Dominican and the Maryknoll Superior, who, in 1918, went considerably out of his travel route to visit his former host and valued friend.

News came recently that Father Cothonay, who for several years has been Prefect Apostolic, of Langson (Tongking), died in that city. We commend his priestly soul to the prayers of our friends.

Occasionally it is a privilege to secure steamer accommodations for missioners, and, usually, the request even from bishops, as well as from priests and Sisters, is for a second-class passage, because the first class fare is too high.

The Cunard Line of steamers on the Atlantic Ocean has some one class boats that appeal strongly to Americans. They save money by slowing up a little and by having a less elaborate menu than the higher priced boats, but the cost is proportionately decreased—and is most reasonable.

We hope the time will come when trans-Pacific companies will likewise give to those who cannot pay high rates to cross the ocean, the opportunity to use the walking decks and other conveniences now closed to second-class passengers.

Over seventy workmen are engaged this year in completely transforming the interior of the Lateran Palace so that it may be the permanent home of the Holy Father's Museum of Missions. Since June, the contents of the halls of the Vatican Mission Exposition have been moving across Rome, and a committee of scholars are carefully fixing the lines on which the exhibits from the world fields will be organized.

In bygone days, the Lateran Palace was the dwelling place of the Popes, the home of the Bishop of Rome, whose cathedral was the great basilica near by, first church in dignity of all on the globe, as the inscription on its façade proclaims: "The mother and head of all the churches in the city and in the world."

The setting is very apt for the story of the spiritual conquest of the earth such as the Lateran Museum of Missions will provide.

A certain Doctor Giles, who teaches Chinese at Cambridge, in England, says that Catholic priests in China have been and still are far better equipped in point of education and surpassingly so in their knowledge of the Chinese language, than Protestant missionaries generally; that Catholic priests and bishops have always been paid on a beggarly

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Catholic Foreign Mission Society
of America, Incorporated

Catholic Foreign Mission Sisters
of St. Dominic, Incorporated

THE FIELD AFAR

SUBSCRIBER FOR

scale; that the Jesuit Fathers were, in his day in China, what they always have been, scholars of the highest culture; that a great blot on the Catholic reputation was the building of a lofty cathedral in the middle of Peking.

We quote Doctor Giles because his comment is interesting.

A recent estimate by a mission student of Europe states that an average of eight hundred missionaries are moved each year by their societies either to or from the field. At present, the majority of these go forth entirely unknown to the American public.

It would be interesting to discover the practicalness of the proposal that a monthly bulletin of the movements of the mission personnel be prepared somewhere in the world for the information and—it goes without saying—for the edification of Catholics at home.

For instance, recently a band of more than two hundred Salesian Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters were sent out from their center in the North of Italy, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of this flourishing society. From Rome, a band of forty-seven Sisters, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the Church's largest congregation of missionary nuns, left for various fields.

And yet the Catholic press has failed to record what would most certainly be an inspiration in this material day.

All Christendom is interested in the union in Canada of Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches to form the Union Church of Canada.

A non-Catholic writer in England speaks of the beautiful sight of eight thousand people, formerly members of three different bodies, receiving "the holy sacrament" together.

"It is not yet possible," the writer continues, "because of divergent principles strongly held as a divine trust, for union to become general among the divided members of the Body of Christ. Where, however, union without

AMERICAN PRIESTS

are at work in a mission in Korea. You, an American Catholic, will be interested to know about the establishment and progress of the Catholic Church in that land, and the martyrdom of Catholic priests there as late as 1866. Then read the Maryknoll book—

FOR THE FAITH

This is the inspiring biography of a young missioner of the past century, who gave up an abundance of this world's joys to labor for souls and who gladly met torture and death in his mission field.

180 pages text. 16 illustrations. Substantially bound in cloth.

THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE : : MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

sacrifice of principle is possible, it must be welcomed with humble and devout joy by all who care for the cause of Christ and His Church here on earth."

There are those who dream great dreams of what the twentieth century is to see, as regards this devoutly-to-be-wished-for union of Christendom. Every Catholic has a part to play, at least a prayerful part.

One effect of the Canadian

union is a new mission magazine combining several others, *The United Church Record and Mission Review*, representing almost five thousand missioners at home and abroad who are members of one or another part of this new whole.

May the combinations continue until the light of God's day falls on one last great combine under the Vicar of Jesus Christ!



MR. LO PA HONG AND HIS FRIENDS LEAVING CHICAGO FOR NEW YORK

SAFEGUARD OUR LORD'S INTERESTS IN YOUR WILL BY A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY



A MARYKNOLL LINE-UP AT HARMON TO GREET THE PAPAL LEGATE

Maryknoll

SUMMER months have flown since the Eucharistic Congress days of June, but memories of the great event still linger.

Maryknoll students — Brothers and Sisters too—and the faculty, of course, were all anxious to go, but it was a difficult period and only a few students could be spared from the center to join

with our representatives from Los Angeles and Seattle in the splendid demonstration of Catholic Faith that has made Chicago famous.

But we were all at Harmon to salute the Legate of our Holy Father, as the cardinals' red train appeared—and Harmon was a choice spot. Not that the railroad surroundings at Harmon are attractive, but because every train

from New York must stop there while the shift is being made from electric to steam power.

A thoughtful student unobserved had brought along a roll of paper, and, as the train stopped, he unfolded it, just as His Eminence Cardinal Bonzano stepped out on the rear platform to return the greetings of the faithful.

On the scroll was the word, "Maryknoll," and, as the distin-



MARYKNOLLERS WERE FEW IN THE THRONG THAT PRESSED TO KISS THE LEGATE'S RING

SUBSCRIBERS WHO LIVE IN OR VISIT NEW YORK CITY



HIS EMINENCE THE PAPAL LEGATE LOOKING FOR "THE LEADER OF THE BAND"

guished Legate is no stranger to what that word stands for, his eyes brightened, and, turning, he asked, "Where is Fr. Walsh?"

The Superior was at that moment trying to elbow his way through the crowd. He managed to reach the outstretched hand of the Legate, and, later, to mount the train. But there were several very good reasons, as he mentioned afterwards, why he did not continue to Chicago.

Those who did go from Maryknoll went in something better than a freight train, but managed not only to arrive but to see and be seen. They spent spare moments—hours would be better—at the Maryknoll booth, describing to unenlightened visitors the beauties of their Alma Mater—and we have reason to think that some people believed all that they said.

Maryknollers are proverbially resourceful, some at least among them, and this was exemplified at the last ordination, even to the Superior's surprise. Our "Number One Topsider," as they called him in China, returned from his mission visitation two days before the annual ordinations, and, learning that a visiting missionary bish-

op had been granted faculties to perform the ceremony, he became immediately solicitous concerning the various episcopal necessities lacking as yet in our young institute.

"What about a mitre?" he asked. And they brought him one prepared by the Sisters the day before.

"And the crozier?" He smiled as they produced one in wood, turned in a new lathe recently installed. He shook his head, but was assured that the Art Department had designs on it. And sure enough, when it returned, it fitted nicely to the need.

Gloves and stockings were rooted out of the episcopal wardrobe, supplied by occasional gifts of "predecessors' belongings," and finally every article was "checked up" except a pair of green slippers. The Superior thought that these could be dispensed with, but, to his surprise, the next day they appeared—and with buckles. The slippers came in the form of white tennis shoes from a local store, and the Art Department supplied the green. Where the buckles were discovered remains a mystery.

Some day we shall look for a full complement from predeces-

sors' wardrobes, but, in the meantime, we shall be prepared to supply the essentials—such as they are. Honestly, we do not like to pay for articles that are lying idle, while there is hope of attracting them.

Maryknoll-in-San Francisco

OUR Procure by the Golden Gate has had the pleasure of late of welcoming a Franciscan Vicar Apostolic from China for a brief visit. A little later, the Superior of the Passionist mission in China passed a night with us.

Our Women's Auxiliary settled the worry over an insurance bill by a whist party. Fine auxiliary work!

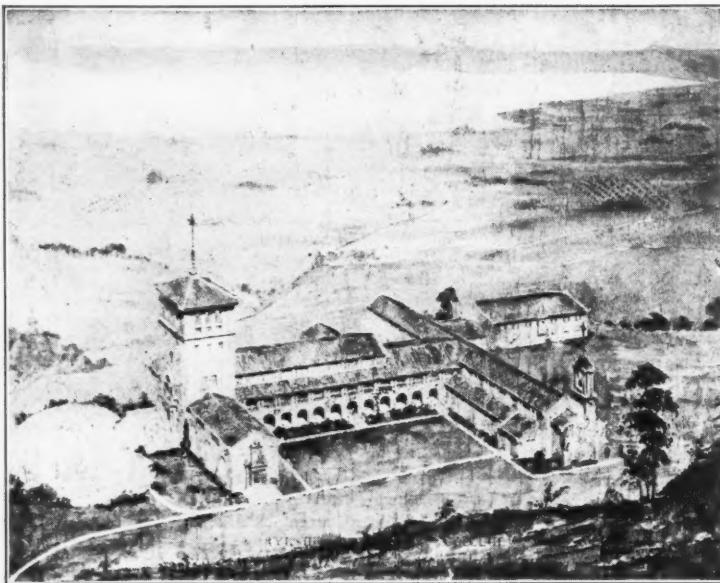
A group of Catholic Women Forsters from the fair town of Oakland, of their own accord, sponsored a whist party that put a healthy check in an envelope addressed to us. And they say that it is only a beginning. Fine!



OVER THE BACK FENCE OF THE CARDINALS' DINING CAR

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1926



MARYKNOLL AT LOS ALTOS

This Preparatory College, though unfinished, will be occupied in September by a small group of aspirant apostles

One of the most delightful recent surprises came from the pastor of Burlingame. His yearly check for the missions has been generous, but now he himself has suggested something even better. He is to form a Circle, and guarantees five hundred "iron men" each year. He has a debt, but says that his effort for the missions will bring the blessing of the Lord on his troubles at home.

Los Altos—the Heights—is a most appropriate site for a junior seminary. And it is most fitting, too, that this first foreign mission college on the Pacific Coast should be in California, a state that owes its very existence and dearest traditions to foreign missionaries who left their homes in Spain to bring Jesus to pagans in distant lands. California owes much to the foreign missions, and California will make its return to the cause of the foreign missions.

The new college, built to accommodate sixty students, together with a contingent of priests and Brothers, will not be crowded for the first year, but the students will be the pioneers of this new venture of Maryknoll.

The new recruits are from schools in and about San Francisco: St. Ignatius High School, Star of the Sea School, St. Monica's School, St. Bridgid's School, and St. Charles School in San Francisco; St. Joseph's School in Berkeley; and St. Joseph's School in Alameda.

Japangles

By Bamboo Phil

WHILE the school picnic was going on, I was hurried off early in the day to a hospital for an appendicitis operation. I was the sole entry in this race, and people tried later to make me believe that I was a lucky winner. It was an aggravated case, and the surgeon said I had only one chance in ten to beat out death. Well, I beat him this time, but no more races with that adversary if I can have my way about it.

KOREA

- the ways and customs of the people
- the establishment of the Catholic Church
- the inspiring labors and death of an heroic missioner

FOR THE FAITH

is a Maryknoll book that treats of these topics. It is called "bright, interesting, instructive yet not preachy."

180 pages text. 16 illustrations.

Price: \$1.00, postpaid

Field Afar Office
Maryknoll, N. Y.

TO WHOM SHALL

I MAKE PAYABLE

MY LIFE INSURANCE?

I was still in the hospital when two of us in the advanced class at St. Francis Xavier School were awarded diplomas. I thought for one little while that I should have to turn over mine to St. Peter. Just what kind of job he would have given me and where the workshop would have been located, I could not guess. Fr. Swift thought I should have been given a harp and not a shovel. I never was handy with a shovel; but then I am still more awkward at music. I will take more pains after this with my singing.

On the sun-roof of the hospital I found a young girl who had been at our Maryknoll Home when she was a wee bit of femininity. Somehow she developed tuberculosis of the hip joint and doctors have been trying to arrest her disease ever since, with scarcely no prospect of a complete cure.

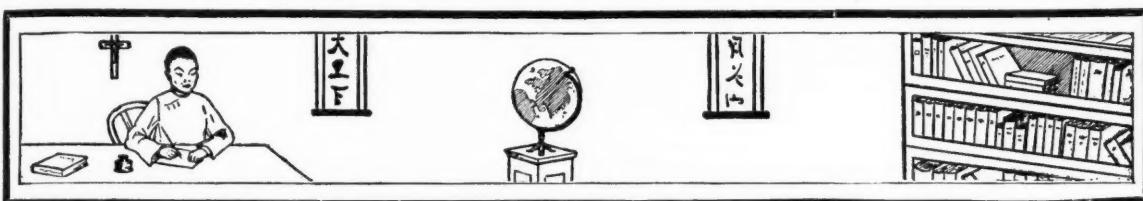
The youngsters in that ward are subjected to the beneficial rays of the sun, with only a loin cloth to interfere with the solar warmth. One is startled at first by the deep brown color of their faces and bodies. My little friend was only less dark than a negro youngster in her vicinity. Had I not known her, I should have classified her as an Indian. Her jet-black hair was long and hid part of her face; her steady black eyes and strong face would remind one very powerfully of the desert blooms of a Mojave tribe. Several writers are of the opinion that some of the Indian tribes came originally from Japan by way of the bridge of islands extending from northeastern Asia to Alaska.

A considerable number of Japanese are victims of the white plague, and conditions are far worse in the home country than in California. Here we have a climate that will heal the malady if taken in time. My own father died of the disease in this country. He had been a strong man of sturdy build, and could not be brought to realize, until too late, that he could not shake off his ailment without treatment. A young brother of mine showed symptoms of the disease, but Sister, our careful nurse, took him in hand and restored him to normal very quickly.

Some Japanese husbands have a way of dealing with tubercular wives that is far from praiseworthy. When they find that their lady is not likely to become well, they ship her off to Japan to her mother. Meantime, they feel free to find another wife. However, this sort of unkind husband is not common, I am glad to state.

If you never want to be without it, why not take The Field Afar for life? Fifty dollars will settle your difficulty.

FATHER CHIN TO HIS MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



Dear Chinlets:

All hail! We've moved. I feel like a small dealer swallowed by a large concern; but I am very happy and I'll tell you why.

When I was running The Maryknoll Junior all alone, I used to envy my big brother, The Field Afar, going out every month to more than one hundred thousand subscribers, and I often said to myself, "I wish I could reach all those people and make some friends among the younger members of their family."

Think of it—what one hundred thousand subscribers means! Publishers of similar magazines reckon that for every subscriber there are five readers. If this be so—and I believe it—The Field Afar must be read every month by at least half a million people.

Do you see my chance? While I am not a big frog in a little puddle, I can make a noise in a good-sized pond.

My home may seem big to you at first, but you will soon like it as well as I do, for now there is room not only for Junior but for Junior's Mother and Dad, big brother and sis, and even the baby will find a place. Come on in and see.

Your

Father Chin

A BIG HOME

THE world is our home. It is also the home of many, many other little boys and girls—some of whom live near us, perhaps next door, but lots of others live far away on the other side of the ball that is our world.

The children on our street and near by look like us, speak English as we do, and share in our games. They eat potatoes and bread and things like those we eat, and they go to school with us. Every day these friends pray to the one true God who made the world and us.

They love the Baby Jesus, who was born in a stable in Bethlehem; and Christmas, which is His birthday, is their happiest day.

Every month, on this page, you will find a story about your brothers and sisters on the other side of the world living in a big land called Asia, in the countries of



HELLO!

FOREIGN LANDS

*Climb up into the cherry tree
Climb up with me and soon
you'll see*

*Sights I saw one sunny day
As I peeped at China—far away*

*I saw a throng of people there
In clothes I'd never think to
wear*

*And hardly any baby face
Was beaming with our dear
Lord's grace*

*I saw them grow to men, and
die
And not a chance had they to
spy*

*The Baby God who came to
bring
A pledge of heavenly triumphing*

*I gazed afar and wondered when
The kindly folk would come
again*

*And send God's ministers to
preach*

*The Book of Life Christ came
to teach*

*And how I smiled when far
away*

*Some Chinlets saved their mites
to pay*

*The necessary ransom toll
To save a Yellow Daisy's soul!*

China and Korea. You will hear about Chinese Ah Mah and Chee Coo; Korean Mek Ki and Pan No—where they live, what they eat, how they dress, the games they play, and the lessons they study. And when you learn to know how nice and jolly they are, you too will want to help teach them to pray to Our Father in heaven.

OUR LADY OF ZÔ-SÈ



LL out of breath, Za Ki fairly ran up the mountain slope leading to the shrine of Our Lady of Zô-Sè, pausing only to gaze fearfully over his shoulder to make sure that he was not pursued. Once, he thought he discerned a familiar figure at the base of the hill, but another anxious look revealed only a beggar.

"The beggars will do a big business at the procession this evening," he reflected. Couldn't he just see them lined up on each side of the pathway wailing *mun-lee, mun-lee, mun-lee*, as the crowd moved by accompanying the King of Heaven and the foreign Father.

The King of Heaven was the Virgin Mother's Son. Za Ki wanted to be sure to get a good view of this dear Monarch; he had heard so much about Him from the foreign Father.

But, there were difficulties: Za Ki was so small that, as one of the crowd, he would never be able to glimpse the King. Besides, he didn't trust those pagan beggars, many of whom knew his father; and, if his father learned that he was party to a Christian procession—well, the lad preferred not to think of the consequences.

These were some of the important questions he intended to bring to the attention of the Virgin Mother.

He hurried on. It would not be long before the procession would be coming. The people were forming ranks down in the town when he started.

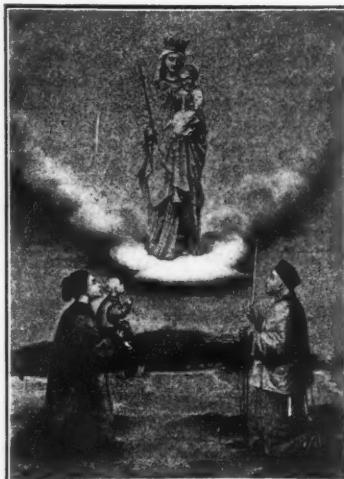
How dazzling in the gathering dusk was the scene that met his gaze on the mountain top! There she was, the lovely lady of Zô-Sè, surrounded by every conceivable kind and color of flower—votive gifts from the Christians.

And the lights—tiers and tiers of them on both sides of the altar, twinkling and blinking and flickering away burning themselves out to do her honor.

Za Ki searched in his saalm pocket for the coin he had been treasuring for this occasion, slid it into the of-

ferring box, and lit a vigil light. "Dear Lady Mother of Zô-Sè," he prayed, "I do want to see the King of Heaven and I want to meet Him, please."

The sound of singing now coming nearer and nearer interrupted his prayer. The procession would be here any moment. He must hide. Yes, but where?



The lovely lady of Zô-Sè

Why not in the sycamore tree by the shrine? From there he could command a fine view.

Up, up, he climbed like a young squirrel. What a sight from the heights was that procession in the distance, moving slowly along the zig-zag, winding mountain pass—old, infirm, and young, chanting sweetly as they came, "'Tis the month of our Mother, the blessed and beautiful days!"

A pretty spectacle, indeed, when the whole line came to a standstill, turned about, and reverently knelt to hymn the praises of the King of Heaven, Who was carried beneath a silken canopy in the rear.

When the singing ceased the clear voice of the foreign Father could be heard distinctly, praying aloud for the people.

The heart of Za Ki was never in such a joyous flutter. Soon he would

see the King. Would he meet Him? Well, he trusted that hope to Our Lady of Zô-Sè.

Closer and closer moved the throng. As it reached the summit, the Christians, in orderly array, formed lines on each side of Our Lady—and now He was coming.

The child leaned far out from his sheltered retreat, his breath coming quickly.

What kind, good faces the people had! How earnestly and whole-heartedly they sang and prayed!

But look—the foreign Father was holding reverently, with both hands, a golden vessel which looked, for all the world, like the sun. In its center, Something round gleamed crystal white.

But where, where was the King?

Headless of his dangerous position on the tiptop branch, headless of all save to procure that coveted look at the dear Monarch, Za Ki, in his eagerness, leaned far forward.

There sounded a strange, crackling noise beneath him; there was a terrible clutch of fear at his heart, a moment of agonizing pain—then dark, dizzy blackness.

Conscious moments followed when Za Ki told the foreign Father that he wished with all his heart to be a Christian and—

Yes, wasn't the Lady Mother of Zô-Sè good? He would indeed like to meet the King, her Son. The King was coming to his house? But his pagan father—he—The King was coming to his heart-house? Oh! that was different.

But Who was that calling, calling, calling above the murmur of voices, calling his name so sweetly?

"Za Ki, Za Ki, this day I must abide in thy house."

Oh, how good, how very good was the Lady Mother of Zô-Sè to arrange this meeting for him with her Son. "Yes, yes, even so; come, O King of Heaven, come."

And there, at the shrine of Our Lady of Zô-Sè, little Za Ki was welcomed into the eternal presence of the King.

Maryknoll Circles

VACATION time is over and everyone is back at work with renewed zest and energy. Circlers tell us that they are planning to outdo the activities of the past season in the service of Christ, and, once again, Maryknoll wishes to assure them of her gratitude for their hearty coöperation and good will.

The fifth convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was held at the University of Dayton, Ohio, from June 25 to 28. It was especially fitting that immediately after the first Eucharistic Congress held in the United States, American student crusaders should gather together in an effort to extend the frontiers of the Eucharistic King. Members of the American hierarchy, veteran missionaries from the foreign fields, priests, and Sisters, who are leaders in the Crusade, and student delegates, all enjoyed for a few memorable days the gracious hospitality of the Brothers of Mary.

The booths of the various missionary orders and societies gave an interesting glimpse of Catholic American mission activities at home and in the fields afar. Special emphasis was laid on the necessity of a wider and more exact knowledge of the missions and on the fostering of the Crusade spirit.

Our new Korean Baby Clinic has found strong supporters in Maryknoll Circle of Minneapolis.

The ample stringless gift sent by Little Flower Senior and Junior Circles found a warm welcome.

St. Patrick's Circle has come to our aid again, this time with something "stringless."

St. Gertrude's Guild is planning to run a series of whist parties for Maryknoll.

Our outgoing missionaries have been thoughtfully remembered by Mary Xavier Circle.

We found many uses for the generous gift sent by St. Leo's Catholic Guild.

DURING the mission visitation of Maryknoll's Superior, an appeal was made to readers of *The Field Afar* for new subscribers, whose names would be presented as a surprise gift on his return to the United States. The appeal was not his suggestion, but those who know the Maryknoll Superior realize that every new subscriber is to him as a gift far more welcome than any personal offering.

He was much pleased with the gratifying list which he found on his littered desk a few days after his arrival.

A hearty "thank you" to George Edward Circle for its recent testimonial of good will.

Gemma Galgani Circle has sent a splendid contribution towards the support of a Maryknoll missioner.

St. Rose of Lima Circle has come to the front again with a notable increase for the Student Fund.

Grateful Maryknollers in China and Korea are rejoicing over gifts sent by Théophane Vénard Circle.

St. Lawrence O'Toole Circle has generously remembered the needs of our young apostles.

A hearty welcome to the new Pentecost Circle which has started its good work by contributing to the support of a catechist.

The Maryknoll Circle, of Mattapan, has again given a substantial proof of its interest in foreign missions.

A shower which was held by St. Vincent de Paul Society proved very successful, and we are grateful for the proceeds.

Preparations are well under way for a missionaries' shower which will be held by the members of Our Lady's Circle.

Several packages of compresses for dispensary use have been received from the League of Catholic Women, New York City.

A good friend in Belmont, Massachusetts, held a unique social gathering to aid our cause. The proceeds swelled our coffers considerably.

Mass intentions were gratefully received from St. Clair Altar Society and St. Vincent de Paul Society, of Westerly.

Florita Circle has done much to help on the Korean Baby Clinic. The Sisters were very grateful for the box of baby clothes recently received.

We acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of Mead, Johnson, and Company, of Evansville, Indiana, who sent a generous supply of medical products to the Baby Clinic in Korea.



IF KOREAN STYLES CAME TO AMERICA

Coming In



*A little pagan girl at the church door,
Yeng You*

THE Maryknoll missions at Kongmoon, China, and in Korea, are making a sacrifice to push the training of boys for the priesthood and so to advance the day when the Church in Eastern Asia can become self-sustaining in personnel and in material resources.

Twenty manly young Chinese are already in the path that leads to the altar, and a smaller group are hard at their lessons in the seminary at Seoul, Korea.

One hundred dollars a year is needed for each of these boys, and some of our friends—not many yet—have become sponsors by sending this amount.

And now, even before we can say that every one of our boys has an American patron, we are happy to state that in both sections of our mission field the time is ripe for the training of girls to a native sisterhood. For each of them—there will soon be a dozen—we seek aunts (or uncles) who can supply our missioners the means for their support, at least for one year.

A great difficulty, however, arises from the fact that the training of youth for the service of

Christ requires in the Orient, as in the homeland, some kind of shelter with classrooms, study hall, and chapel.

Signal opportunities, these, for Catholics to whom God has entrusted generous shares of worldly possessions. Can such be found to meet these needs, which may, if desired, be considered as memorials to dear departed ones?

Among the notable gifts recorded since our last issue were two Native Clergy Burses. Evidently the idea pushed by Our Holy Father, to develop a native priesthood and a native hierarchy in heathen lands is bearing fruit.

These were the only gifts that ran up to or above one thousand dollars, but we are grateful to record also the several other "native clergy" gifts and one for a catechist and several towards our construction expense at the homeland Maryknolls. Among these last named gifts was one for a room in the new Seminary.

Seven wills, too, matured, including that of Fr. Lyons, of Manchester, New Hampshire, who thoughtfully left five hundred dollars. Three other wills were announced.

Differences

THERE are all kinds of missions. All are good and worthy, but the differences should be noted.

There are missions even in foreign lands that are today self-supporting, where the natives contribute generously to the building, not only of churches, but of colleges, schools, and asylums. There are other missions where the people are so dreadfully poor that they are always on the verge of starvation.

There are missions in centers where comforts abound similar to those with which we in the homeland are surrounded—good homes, street cars, automobiles, and nourishing food from many markets, while other missions lack practically every detail of western comfort and convenience.

Some missions receive generous support from investments, real estate, and other enterprises made years ago in mission lands, while others must depend on the slender subsidy allotted today by Mission Aid Societies and upon occasional gifts from the homeland.

Again, in some mission lands, the cost of land and of buildings adapted to various needs of the Church's apostolic laborers is almost negligible—elsewhere, almost prohibitive, land costing quite as high as in our own cities and suburbs.

It is well to emphasize this distinction, which marks largely the difference between civilized and uncivilized pagan peoples.

Don't make the mistake of thinking all pagans uncivilized.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living: Reverend Friends, 5; M. C.; C. P. C.; J. C.; E. R. C.; R. A. C.; A. K.; J. T. and family; M. E. B.; M. deC.; F. B. B.; L. M. B.; Mrs. W. H. M.; C. R.; E. A. H.; Mrs. A. C. T.; W. S. B.; C. C.; Mrs. E. D. and family; S. B.; J. B.; R. and G. families; L. family; Mrs. C. W. F.; M. O'F.; K. F.; Mrs. J. McG.; Mrs. J. P.; D. P.; Mrs. M. M.; Mrs. C. M.; K. family; J. L. L.; E. W.; T. F. N.; Mrs. O. L. and relatives; A. H.; Mrs. C. McM.; S. M. McM.; M. A. F. and relatives; K. family; Sisters of St. Peter's School; Mrs. M. K. and relatives; J. MacN.; M. D.; S. M. H. and Sisters of St. Joseph; A. C.; Mrs. M. C. M.; T. A. McC.; A. M. H.; C. J. H.; H. E. N. and relatives; Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Rosary; I. A. W.; M. F. D.; E. M. D.; T. F. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. and relatives; A. M. H.; R. E. B.; R. M. B.; D. C. M.; Mrs. C. C.; R. O'C.; Mrs. H. B.; Miss H. M.; Bro. J. B.; C. D.; B. A. F.; F. X. O'C.; Mrs. C. N.; Mrs. M. I. B.; T. W. B.; C. A.; Mrs. E. R.; A. F.; J. F.; L. family; E. M.; Mrs. P. C. and relatives; M. T. and relatives.

Deceased: Rt. Rev. Msgr. James H. McGean; Bridget Mulholland; Mrs. Catherine Byren; Joseph Powers; Mrs. Ellen Powers; Mrs. Catherine Fox; Mary McHugh; Deceased relatives of Mary Sarsfield; Hartl family; Croghan family; Ellen Brennan; Elizabeth L. Shean; Annie Curran; Emma Amann; Hugh McTiernan; Michael McTiernan; Mrs. Mary Van Houten; Mary Qualey; Mary Leary; Bridget Kelly; James Curran; Madeline Curran; Mary Farrell.

A Window on the World

*Look through it—to your
pleasure and profit*

"A window on the world" is just what the Exposition was. Ways, means, and methods of missionary work, vivid and often hideous pictures of pagan conditions, heroic incidents drawn from the stories of missionary martyrs, suggestions for greater efficiency, and—perhaps most interesting detail—charts, statistics, and summaries of missionary labors and needs over the world.

Merely to describe this book is to praise it for those who love the Faith and are zealous to extend it.

—*Catholic Vigil, Grand Rapids.*

"A window on the world," the great Mission Exposition has been called. Millions have visited the exhibit, absorbing new ideas about their fellow man, his habits and customs.

The author has made the book not only an account of the Exposition, with which he was intimately acquainted, but a survey of the whole history of Catholic missions and a world-wide view of the present-day missionary activities of the Church.

The book is profusely illustrated and has a series of charts which present graphically the "seven great mission fields" of the Church.

—*New World, Chicago.*

A splendid souvenir of the great Vatican Mission Exposition is this book containing about sixty full-page photographs. It is not concerned merely with cataloging the exhibits, but gives in entertaining style something of the story of heroism and adventure that is the



life of our priests and nuns in the Church's furthest outposts.

We earnestly recommend it to all Catholics, confident that wherever it is read it will encourage interest in the mission cause.

—*Far East, Omaha.*

The author has an unfailing sense of what makes a human appeal, and whether he is dealing with St. Francis Xavier in the sixteenth century or with Fr. Ruppert in the twentieth, he does it with dramatic effectiveness.

No Catholic, whether priest or layman, can afford to pass by this book, with its vivid sidelights on the most thrilling gallantry in the world, that of the missionary heroes of Christ.

—*Catholic World, New York.*

The Vatican Mission Exposition brought to a focus the missionary work of the Catholic Church in the whole world. The impression created by the Exposition is truly overwhelming. There is an epic splendor about it that will make the heart of every Catholic thrill with joy and thankfulness. Those who have seen the Exposition will reckon it among the unforgettable sights of their lives. Those who have not had that wonderful privilege can read about it in this superb volume, inspiringly written and artistically illustrated. One will have to go a long way to find anything as gripping and dramatic as this plain record of the missionary achievements of the Church.

—*Catholic Standard, Phila.*

THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION

\$1.50, Postpaid

Address : THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, Maryknoll, New York

THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1926

BOOKS RECEIVED

Vademecum Proposed to Religious Souls

John P. Daleiden Company, Chicago.

The Eucharistic Renaissance

By Thomas M. Schwertner, O.P. The Macmillan Company, N. Y. \$2.

History of the Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart

Sacred Heart Monastery, Aurora, Ill.

Our Lady Mediatrix of all Graces

By Raphael V. O'Connell, S.J. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. \$1.25 net.

Sacred Eloquence

By Charles H. Schultz, LL.D. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. \$2 net.

Ordination Retreat

By the Rt. Rev. Pierre Dadolle. John Murphy Company. \$0.75.

A Short Life of Christ

By the Rev. M. V. McDonough. Benziger Brothers, N. Y.

Little Atlas of Catholic Missions

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 343 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. \$0.25; \$1.75 per hundred.

Diocesan Hymnal

(Communion and Confirmation Hymns). By the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrems, D.D. J. Fischer and Brothers, N. Y. \$0.25.

Misa "Rosa Mystica"

J. Fischer and Brother, N. Y. \$0.80.

The Annunciation

By Charles H. Misner. The Macmillan Company, N. Y. \$1.50.

Prohibition

By Lucian Johnston. Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, West, N. Y. C.

Please remember in your prayers the souls of the following: Rt. Rev. Msgr. James J. Woods; Rt. Rev. L. H. Boeynaems, D.D.; Rev. Joseph F. Galvin, Rev. William J. Dullard; Rev. Louis J. Sloane; Rev. Hubert Eugene Brady; Rev. George A. Godreau; Sister Mary Basil; Mother Marie Aimée Lautier; Mrs. Annie Reynolds; Mary McKenna; James M. Deevy; Mrs. William Gallagner; Annie Conway; Thomas J. Coffey; Mrs. Julia Riley; Mrs. Winifred F. Harding; Mrs. T. J. Skelly; Mrs. L. Gregoire; Mary Flannery; Mrs. M. Ward; Mr. Van Bebber; James Kelly; H. S. Caswell; W. W. Kenly; Mrs. M. Sexton; Mrs. J. O'Connor; John T. Hogan; Thomas and Susan Markey; Mrs. Ellen Fleming; Margaret Cunningham; Mrs. Margaret Scrivner; Nora O'Brien; Mrs. Bridget Welch; Bertha Nulsen; Mary Elizabeth Kane; D. J. A. O'Keefe; Mrs. Lee; Mrs. Mary E. Boynton; Mrs. Ellen Ford; Catherine Fihelly; Jacob Kuhn; Mrs. M. E. Kelley; Mary A. Clarkin; Bernard McGonigle; Mrs. Magdalene Graf; John A. McKenna; Kunigunda and Ferdinand Wuerstle; John A. Vance; P. J. Carroll; Hugh Feeney; William A. Gard; Mrs. Margaret Ryan; Mrs. Mary Murphy; Mrs. Augusta Cousins; Mrs. Margaret Fuchs; Mrs. Hannah O'Keefe; Mrs. Levi Morin; John Rogan; Mary Hope Gibson; W. J. Cochran; Mrs. W. R. King; Mary M. Butler; Mrs. Sarah J. Campbell; Mrs. Robinson; Eleanor C. Gleason.

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A burse is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States or on the missions.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a burse in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a burse in Eastern Asia (this is for native students).

FOR OUR SEMINARY

<i>The Most Precious Blood Burse</i>	\$4,876.19
<i>Trinity Wckandut Burse</i>	4,453.53
<i>St. Patrick Burse</i>	4,261.17
<i>St. Philomena Burse</i>	4,105.00
<i>Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse</i>	4,050.00
<i>St. Anthony Burse</i>	3,906.13
<i>Burse</i>	3,715.51
<i>Curé of Ars Burse</i>	3,631.30
<i>College of St. Elizabeth Burse</i>	4,035.00
<i>St. Anne Burse</i>	3,260.63
<i>St. Michael Burse No. 2</i>	3,001.47
<i>N. M. Burse</i>	3,000.00
<i>College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse</i>	3,000.00
<i>Fr. Chaminate Memorial Burse</i>	3,030.95
<i>Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse</i>	2,761.61
<i>Durwoodie Seminary Burse</i>	2,662.64
<i>Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse</i>	2,500.00
<i>Father Chaper Burse</i>	2,295.00
<i>Holy Child Jesus Burse</i>	2,225.85
<i>Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse</i>	2,171.89
<i>Marywood College Burse</i>	2,125.50
<i>Mother Seton Burse</i>	1,958.33
<i>Bernadette of Lourdes Burse</i>	1,781.75
<i>Pius X Burse</i>	1,768.00
<i>St. Dominic Burse</i>	1,749.07
<i>Bishop Mollen Burse</i>	1,690.00
<i>Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse</i>	1,608.00
<i>St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Burse</i>	2,533.00
<i>Duluth Diocese Burse</i>	1,411.70
<i>Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill</i>	1,302.55
<i>St. Agnes Burse</i>	1,277.18
<i>Immaculate Conception Patron of America Burse</i>	1,186.23
<i>St. John Baptist Burse</i>	1,049.11
<i>James H. Collier Burse</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Francis of Assisi No. 2</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Michael Burse</i>	1,000.00
<i>Manchester Diocese Burse</i>	900.00
<i>Susan Emery Memorial Burse</i>	792.68
<i>St. Francis Xavier Burse</i>	724.28
<i>St. Rita Burse</i>	722.15
<i>St. Lawrence Burse</i>	646.25
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes Burse</i>	519.53
<i>Children of Mary Burse</i>	457.05
<i>St. Joan of Arc Burse</i>	433.01
<i>St. Louis Archdiocese Burse</i>	430.00
<i>St. Bridget Burse</i>	410.00
<i>Holy Family Burse</i>	340.00
<i>St. Jude Burse</i>	268.00
<i>St. John B. de la Salle Burse</i>	267.07
<i>St. Boniface Burse</i>	246.65
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<i>The Holy Name Burse</i>	206.50
<i>St. John Berchmans Burse</i>	200.00
<i>Our Lady of Victory Burse</i>	192.00
<i>Jesus Christ Crucified Burse</i>	153.50
<i>SS. Peter and Paul Burse</i>	150.00
<i>All Saints Burse</i>	141.28
<i>Newark Diocese Burse</i>	132.00
<i>Archbishop Ireland Burse</i>	101.00
<i>St. Joseph Burse No. 2</i>	100.00

FOR OUR COLLEGES

<i>Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)</i>	4,250.00
<i>Holy Eucharist Burse (Reserved)</i>	3,100.00
<i>Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse</i>	1,612.80
<i>"C" Burse II</i>	1,500.00
<i>Bl. Virgin Mary Solidarity Burse</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Aloysius Burse</i>	647.50
<i>St. Michael Burse</i>	646.32
<i>Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)</i>	167.95
<i>St. Margaret Mary Burse</i>	112.00
<i>Immaculate Conception Burse</i>	106.00

*On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

DIOCESAN MISSION AID

(May 15 to June 30)

Albany

(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith), (Masses)

Baltimore

(Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.) \$155.00 (also Masses)

Boston

(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith), 1,675.35 (also Masses)

Hartford

(Through Cathol. Mission Aid Soc.) ... 329.20

Marquette

(Through Pontifical Soc. for Prop. Faith) (Masses)

Newark

(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith) 680.00 (also Masses)

New York

(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith) 254.37

Parkersburg

(Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.) 2.00 (also Masses)

Pittsburgh

(Through Cathol. Mission Aid Soc.) ... 1.52 (also Masses)

Completed Diocesan Burses

<i>St. Paul Archdiocese Burse</i>	\$6,000
<i>St. Paul Archdiocese Burse (Venard)</i>	6,000
<i>Providence Diocese Burse</i>	5,000
<i>Fall River Diocese Burse</i>	5,000
<i>Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each</i>	\$15,000
<i>Pittsburgh Diocese Burse</i>	5,000
<i>Columbus Diocese Burse</i>	5,000
<i>Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse</i>	5,000

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work—\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incompletely bursed and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus Burse \$1,125.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse 639.50
Maryknoll Academic Burse 300.60

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS

Yeungkong Fund, II \$1,827.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI \$1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Burse 666.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Burse 362.00

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000 the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, the Venard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund ... \$276.98

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Irish Free State, 8 stamps40
Saargebit, 8 stamps25
Turks & Caicos Island, 3 stamps, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$20
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Foreign Mixture per lb.....	1.00
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for boys and girls will be sent you
upon your request

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THE FIELD AFAR
Maryknoll New York

CHRIST DIED FOR BOTH



AN OPIUM VICTIM
One of China's four hundred million pagans



A FIRST COMMUNICANT
One of China's two and one fourth million Catholics

Grant us, Lord, to be the doorstep by which the multitudes may come to worship Thee. And if, in the saving of their souls, we are ground under foot and spat upon and worn out, at least we shall have served Thee in some small way, in helping pagan souls and we shall have become the King's Highway in pathless China.

—Prayer of a Maryknoll missioner.

Help Those Who Build for Christ

Put a stone in the walls of the Maryknoll Seminary, the training house of the messengers of the Great King. The privilege is yours for fifty cents. Write now to

THE VERY REV. SUPERIOR,
Maryknoll, New York

